

The valley opened, there was a low grassy hill, beyond it, broad yellow sands on which the "stormy Euxine" thundered in long creamy surges, and creeping up the sides of a wooded headland, among luxuriant vegetation, the well-built, brightly-coloured, red-roofed houses of the eastern suburb of Trebizond, the ancient Trapezus.¹ It was the journey's end, yet such is the magic charm of Asia that I would willingly have turned back at that moment to the snowy plateaux of Armenia and the savage mountains of Kurdistan. I. L. B.

¹ The itineraries will be found in Appendix B.